

COLLEGE CHEER

GET A HEALTHFUL HOBBY — PLAY SOME GAME.

VOL. XII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1920.

NO. 9.

OLD RIVALS MASTERED BY ST. JOE, 38-32.

Saturday, February 21, St. Joe's Varsity achieved the most popular victory of the season, by defeating its old rivals, the Indiana Dentals. St. Joe and the Toothpullers have been playing each other for a long time, and for the last few years the Dentals managed to take us across both here and at Indianapolis. But at last the tables have been turned. After losing a hard fought game on the Dentals' floor, we showed them the way home here to the tune of 38 - 32. The Dentals are just common, ordinary mortals to us now.

The game started with both teams traveling at a fast clip, which they kept up during the entire game. The Dentals had our team working for a while, trying to solve their pass-work which was snappy all the time. Reeves, crack forward of the Indianapolis five shot the first field goal of the game, but Brady, not to be outdone, followed suit and tied the score. From that time on the game was a continual seesaw, first St. Joe holding the lead, and then the Dentals. St. Joe was weak on shooting fouls during the first half, otherwise we would have had a comfortable margin to work on. McCarthy, the Dental guard, who had been stopping our forwards by his rough and ready method of guarding, had to leave the floor toward the end of the first half, after the fourth personal foul had been called on him. The final seconds of the first half put St. Joe in the lead, Brady and Cox both dropping in field goals in the last twenty-five seconds. Score end of the first half, 18 - 14.

The second half was as fast as the first, for the Toothpullers are a bunch that never lose their nerve. St. Joe always remained in the lead, and whenever the Dentals came too close, a little spurt, netting us four or six points, gave us a comfortable lead. The Dentals substituted again in this half, but couldn't quite overtake us. Reeves and Witter were the outstanding stars of the period for the Dentals, Reeves by his shooting, Witter by his great work at back guard. Tony Schaefer, Brady and Cox managed to sneak in quite often and cage baskets, no mean feat with Witter at guard. In the final minute of play, Rose was substituted for Brady and Harber for O'Brien. Final score, St. Joe 38; Dentals 32.

Of St. Joe's Varsity, Wellman deserves particular credit for his work at back guard. Big Fritz was always there waiting to stop the enemy and hurl the ball to the other end of the floor. Very rarely did the Dental forwards have a chance to make short shots. O'Brien played a good game at floor guard; Cox was there in starting the pass-work, and Tony and Brady divided the scoring honors. Of the Dentals Reeves and especially Witter were the headlines. Reeves made use of

ST. JOE HUMBLER WHITING TEAM, 49 - 12.

In a game featured by nothing less than a fine brand of team work, St. Joe led the St. Cyril five up and down the floor at will, until the final shot ended the chase and the slaughter with the visitors hanging on the short end of a 49 - 12 score. Neither side scored during the first few minutes of play. Then Schaefer dropped a neat field goal for St. Joe and the merry-go-round was on. Wellman at back guard kept the enemy out of their own territory, at the same time opening a breach for a little pass work which was certain to bring Cox and Schaefer safely to the basket. A repetition of such plays kept Elmer busy at the scoreboard. In ten minutes matters stood 19 - 1. St. Cyril having succeeded in caging one free throw. Our visitors, shortly after, called time for a little consultation, which every spectator must have hoped would result in a little stiffer opposition if only for the life of the game. The council did help somewhat, for almost immediately afterwards, Peterson of St. Cyril dropped a long field goal and Semancik came romping down the floor for another one. This pick-up, however, seemed to necessitate only harder and rougher playing, consequently increasing the number of fouls and slowing the game down somewhat. With Schaefer rolling in a few of the baskets he had hard luck in shooting heretofore, the first half ended with St. Joe holding the big end of a 28 - 7 score.

St. Joe made no change in the line-up for the second half. Buck Harber, a recruit and yet a veteran, showed plainly that no replacement was needed on the defense. Wellman was behind him, O'Brien was pushing matters along with Schaefer and Cox and the score was still rising. St. Cyril substituted for Walsko, who seemed to be doing the most effective work for them. Later on St. Cyril substituted again, but was able to get only one field goal during the last half. It seemed that St. Joe had a lease on the ball for the evening. The game ended 49 - 12. St. Cyril's is a hard playing, good-natured crew. They will probably be on the schedule for next season.

Line-up.

ST. JOSEPH'S

Schaefer, F.
Cox, F.
Wellman, C.
Harber, G.
O'Brien, G.

ST. CYRIL'S

Opat
Senchak,
Peterson,
W. Walsko,
Semancik,

Substitutions:— J. Walsko for W. Walsko; J. H. Walsko for J. Walsko; Fedorko for Semancik.

Field Goals:— Senchak, 1; Peterson, 2; Semancik, 1. Schaefer, 9; Cox, 7; Wellman, 1; Harber, 1; O'Brien, 4.

Free throws:— Senchak, 2; Fedorko, 2. Schaefer, 4; O'Brien, 1.

Referee — Potkotter.

(Continued on page 2, Col. 1.)

every opportunity to score, and Witter was a hard nut to crack for our forwards.

Line-up.

ST. JOSEPH'S	INDIANA DENTALS
Schaefer,	F. Reeves,
Cox,	F. McPherson,
Wellman,	C. Havens,
Brady,	G. McCarthy,
O'Brien,	G. Witter,

Substitutions: — Rose for Brady, Harber for O'Brien. Farber for McCarthy, Martin for Havens.

Field Goals:— Schaefer, 5; Cox, 4; Brady, 5; O'Brien, 3; Reeves, 6; McPherson, 6; Witter, 1; Havens, 1.

Free Throws:— O'Brien, 4; McPherson, 4.

Referee — Potkotter.

BROOK SNOWED UNDER, 45 -- 17.

Sweeping the home team off its feet by a display of pass-work and shooting that fairly took the crowd's breath away, St. Joe's revamped Varsity romped home easy victors by the score of 45 - 17. With our bunch going like a shot from the start, Brook never had a look in, although the locals worked to the end to close the gap between us. Confidence was the watchword of our team; they weren't going to lose because they couldn't; that's the reason for the big score, a score made, too, on a strange floor. Surely, the final Varsity game gave the finishing touches to a most successful season.

St. Joe required about two minutes to get under way, and then the going was good. Cox pulled one of his pet shots, and we were off. Scheidler strode down the floor, got under the basket, and in the general mixup grabbed the pill and tossed it in. Wellman and Rose also helped the good cause along with a basket apiece, making the score. Brook started to climb then; three baskets and a free throw brought them too close for comfort. We started to work again, and Brook didn't score for the rest of the half. Cox, Scheidler, Fritz, and Rose put in six more before the half was over, the score standing, St. Joe 20; Brook, 7.

Brook's rooting, which had been strong during the first half, almost took down the house at the beginning of the second, but Brook's team didn't profit by it. St. Joe traveled faster than in the first, passing around the Brook team and shooting at will. St. Joe missed a great many short shots during the game, otherwise the affair would have been a runaway. Wellman and Brady were the big stars this half, Wellman especially surprising the crowd by his work under the basket. Brook scored at times, but never was in reach of us during the second half. Long shots seemed to be their only hope. The road to the basket was closed, and detours didn't help. Scheidler handled the situation ably, and if matters became a little warm, Wellman appeared on the scene to help him out. To describe the play of the second half would be to describe the team play of the St. Joe team with which we are all more or less fa-

bunch ran up the score for us. With less pep we might have won, but not in such a masterly fashion. All credit to Capt. Rose and his crew; with three crack men sick they rose to the occasion, and made us forget our loss —

Line-up.

BROOK	ST. JOSEPH'S
Long	F. Rose
Park	F. Cox
Herriman	C. Wellman
Lyons	G. Scheidler
Mather	G. Brady

Field goals:— Long, 3; Park, 2; Herriman, 2; Rose, 3; Cox, 3; Wellman, 8; Brady, 5; Scheidler,

2. — Free throws:— Long, 3; Wellman, 3.

Referee — Davis.

ANOTHER RUNAWAY.

Coach Al Heine brought down his Romney High School team last Sunday for a practice game, and judging from the game, one might claim that he has a great deal more regard for the second team he coached this season than for the high school team, for we walloped them by an awful score 51 -- 6. Romney seemed lost entirely, and couldn't get on to our pass-work. The first half was more of a fight than the second, for St. Joe wasn't working right, due to the sickness of O'Brien, who stayed in the game for a half. Our team didn't seem to have pep at first. We scored some points, and could easily hold Romney off, but the speedy offence which marked the second half was lacking entirely in the first half. The half ended with the score 17 - 4 in our favor.

Soon after the beginning of the second half St. Joe began to work. O'Brien was hurt in a collision with a Romney player and Scheidler took his place. This left Wellman, Brady, and Cox to play the floor, with Harber helping along. Soon the score began to roll up. Brady time after time put the ball in on shots near the basket, and Cox electrified the crowd by putting in three in rapid succession from the center of the floor. The signals were run off like clockwork. Romney was helpless before St. Joe's attack. The team never stopped working; everybody was on the jump, ready to get the ball and start down the line for another basket. Romney made one solitary field goal in this half. Final score 51 -- 6.

Line-up.

ROMNEY	ST. JOSEPH'S
Devolt	F. Brady
Hauser	F. Cox
Holmes	C. Wellman
H. Jenkins	G. O'Brien
Kellermann,	G. Harber

Substitutions: — R. Jenkins for H. Jenkins. Scheidler for O'Brien.

Field goals:— Holmes, 3; Brady, 13; Cox, 9; Wellman, 3.

Free throws:— O'Brien, 1.

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"WE KNOCK TO BOOST"

ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

Saturday, March 6, 1920.

EDITORIALS.

The problem of the movies from the Catholic view-point is an immense, tho not insoluble one. We can never lose sight of the fact that its possibilities, not yet completely evolved, are likewise immense. That the motion-picture could be a potent factor in education, great heads agree. But how to tackle the problem hangs with these same thinkers a matter of seeming unsettledness.

Great strides were made in this direction when certain states instituted Censorship Boards. The men behind these suggestions surely maintain that an elevating morality is the foundation of all educational superstructure; while education in turn is the foundation of all civic structure. Without these two the better work is impeded, if not ruined. If, then, the aim is eventually to educate with the movie, this curbing by the Censors is most wholesome indeed; and it remains for Catholic movements to continue even more strictly along the same lines. For the movie is still given over more to amusement than to instruction, and there naturally exists the tendency to exhibit unworthier films.

The Catholic Art Association is energetically striving to convert man's tastes to what is good and beneficial. Its outlook is not so pessimistic, either. For it recalls that the cinema, coming all too sudden, lifted men off their feet and took advantage of an unwonted curiosity, by perverting man's eager inclinations with anything and everything under the brilliancy and popularity of its mere novelty. But today men are tiring of that sheen and in the strength of a greater education, are crying for the light. For the present, then, the Association's first duty ought to be to second, or if necessary to correct the efforts of the Censorship Boards.

The movie did not have a very auspicious beginning. From the earliest camera-men down to Messrs. Griffith and Fox, the supreme cinematographers of the present day, has been handed the tradition of giving men what appeals most, for they will then pay you most. Much as this reflects upon popular taste, to judge from what at

present "takes best", there is in it nevertheless the germinal statement of truth. For is it not so, that if men harken to the lessons of a loftier education, they will demand far loftier pictures? And if we note that sound screen-dramas are beginning to appeal, where only a few years back the cow-boy and Indian rampant intricacy of nothing was the main thing, we feel that the true worth of the movie is dawning upon men.

In the artistic triumphs of their screen dramas, Messrs. Griffith and Fox have demonstrated what a faithful and impressive interpreter of life and literature the motion-picture is. If this new hand-maid of education is ready to serve, the wealth and worth of life and literature will the more easily and extensively invade the big common heart of mankind by lesson and inspiration. Surely big opportunities for Catholic organizations here! May others increase and enter the field with all speed! May they go hand and heart for better movie-productions, and may they encourage the sincere efforts of the State Censorship Boards. It hardly pays to sigh about what could be much worse. Sane men will always look to older opinion and respect keener judgment. And these Catholicism alone has to offer.

The Autobiography of a Whiskey Bottle.

Here I am, at the bottom of this old dump, with a large crack in my side. Ah, yes, dear friends, I have seen far better, better days, when our dear deceased friend, John Barleycorn, was still with us.

I was made in a glass factory in Havre, France, five years ago. After being burnished and inspected, I was packed in a case with a number of other bottles, to be shipped to America. Arriving, after a rough voyage, at New York, we were shipped on by train to Louisville, Kentucky. Here we were soon unpacked and washed, then filled up to our necks with a brown liquid, which I was soon to learn had an awful funny influence upon men, when they drank too much of the liquid I held.

After being filled, we were sent into another room, where a pretty, bright label was stuck on us, which read: "Sunny Brook Rye, Bottled in Bond, Good Ten Year Old Whiskey." Then we were corked and sealed, and placed upon a shelf with many of our friends, who were as gaily decorated as we. But I soon became separated from my friends, and after a short time I was again packed in a box, and shipped to Chicago, Illinois.

Here I was placed in a fancy bar in one of the large hotels, but not destined to be used for some time. It was here that I noticed what strange effect the brown liquid, which I contained had on men. It seemed to drown their sorrows and make them joyful and young again, for they would sing, dance, and cut up in high style.

One day the bartender reached over and grabbed me, removed the cork from my neck, and poured out a small glass of the brown liquid. This, I knew, was the beginning of the end, as I had seen hundreds of my friends treated in the same manner. I was in use only an hour or so, then becoming empty, the bartender cast me into a box with a number of my ill-treated friends. The bartend-

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er cast me into the box so roughly, that I sustained this crack in my side.

Early the next morning we were carried out to a wagon, and after a short ride, we were cast into this dump, which is about the end of my story, though my friends say: "You are not yet done, as in a few days some boys will come and set you up on that post yonder, then see who can shatter you with a brick." When this time comes my life will end, so now, I will write the story of my life, that when I am gone, you people can say: "Gone, but not forgotten."

C. L. S. Program.

Washington's birthday was celebrated here with the annual entertainment of the C. L. S. A play, The Merchant of Venice, Up to Date, originally intended for presentation on Feb. 22, is now picked for St. Patrick's Day. So, under the circumstances, the typical Columbian Program, with its well-ordered variety, was given.

Mr. Flynn, the president elect of the society, delivered his inaugural address on the occasion, choosing as his subject the very timely question of our governmental conduct versus the ideals of the great Father of our country. The speaker began with a short, though comprehensive eulogy of Washington, but ran on rather rapidly into a strain of senatorial indignation such as is not notoriously frequent on our stage. He seemed to have defined the whole situation so clearly and confidently to his own mind that there should be no questioning his repeated blows at England, English propaganda, English policy, in general. For such a composition Mr. Flynn is deserving our credit, for rehearsing our sentiments on the stage he is deserving our thanks.

Single selections by Mr. Weiss and Mr. Kammer followed. These touches of seriousness in our programs are appreciated, not strictly because they counteract the extremely comical, but because they balance matters more justly.

Mr. Honigford and Mr. LaMere, alias, Hotfoot and Jake, the latest creation in the Mutt and Jeff line, bowed again to their audience and simply repeated their former success. Unintentionally, perhaps, we are developing a real vaudeville act

right here in our little commonwealth. At all events, we receive these fellows heartily, because they are aspiring comedians with the ability to make us forget our worries. It wouldn't hurt to demand another performance.

The crowning feature of the program, was, as usual, the customary after-piece, this time, "The Half-Back's Interference." With Linder, Brady, Inkrott, Ernst, and others on the line-up, there was no doubting that they would make a few substantial stabs at our ribs, so to speak. This was the second chance given Mr. Linder to rehearse the scenes of his boyhood days; and in both instances he has filled the part admirably. When a natural impersonation of the Yankee rustic is called for Al is the best we have to recommend. To the other characters must be accorded due praise for their work in the farce.

Monday, the following day, the students enjoyed a free day. The program for all holidays is subject, of course, to the will of the weather. But, on the whole, the enjoyment of a free day is an individual matter, and we don't like to get personal.

Newman Club.

Election of officers in the Newman Club for the ensuing term was held Sunday, Feb. 29, with the following result:—

Al. Sattler, President; Karl Gehrlich, Vice President; Leo Kastner, Secretary; Chas. Geidner, Marshall; Frank Kahle, Treasurer; Jos. O'Meara, Critic. Executive Committee: Otto Jaeger, Pres., John Metzger, and Thos. Heiman.

Arrangements were also made for a private program.

N. E. C.

- No. 11. The fellow that splashes you with water when he is washing.
- No. 12. The fellow that swipes your last apple.
- No. 13. The fellow whose big head blocks off a good movie scene.
- No. 14. The boob that's always feeding you stale funny papers.
- No. 15. The simp that wants you to laugh at dry ones.

VALPARAISO GAINS VICTORY.

Tuesday, February 24, the Varsity journeyed to Valparaiso to play the U. team, which apparently had improved a great deal since their visit here. Valpo learned to use its 180 pound average to good advantage since they played here, and that had a great deal to do with our defeat.

The game began with both teams guarding close, and both teams missing shots that were fairly easy. For six minutes the game went on without a score for either side. Finally Cox broke the jinx with a pretty shot, drawing first blood for St. Joe, and making everybody sit up and take notice. Valparaiso came back soon with a field goal by Bradley, who was the scoring hero of the evening. St. Joe's pass-work was good, but the height of Valpo's men stopped them time and again. Valparaiso rushed down the floor in a bunch whenever they had the ball, but Fritz usually stopped them under the basket. A number of fouls were called on St. Joe for holding and running with the ball. To the end of the first half, neither team scored very much, the score at the end of the half standing: Valpo. 13; St. Joe, 7.

For a time during the second half it seemed as if neither team would do much scoring. The guarding was close on both sides so that the forwards had little chance to shoot. Bradley put in one for Valpo, and Brady one for St. Joe. Then Valpo made a sudden spurt and ran in five baskets in a row, and had the game sewed up. This was the only time during the game when the Brown and Gold showed any decided superiority. Our team was somewhat worn down by the smashing the big fellows, and it was only natural that they should loosen up once.

Line-up.

VALPARAISO		ST. JOSEPH'S
Bradley	F.	Schaefer
Haas	F.	Cox
Conley	C.	Wellman
Goheen	G.	Brady
Dandales	G.	O'Brien

Substitutions:— Rose for Cox; Harber for Brady. — Free Throws: — Bradley, 3; Haas, 3; O'Brien, 5.

Field Goals: — Bradley, 6; Haas, 1; Conley, 4; Goheen, 2; Brady, 2; Cox, 1; O'Brien, 1.

Referee — Osborne.

First Juniors Triumph Over Fast St. Xavier's.

Taking the lead at the start of the game the First Juniors demonstrated their superiority over the St. Xavier Junior quintet in a fast and clever game, defeating them by the score of 24 -- 17.

The Juniors took the lead early in the contest and held it throughout, although at times it looked as if St. X. would come from behind and register a

The Juniors played a heady game, and this, more than anything else, helped them to conquer. St. X. showed a good brand of team work and some very clever passing, but their inability to hit the basket brought them defeat.

For the Juniors Puetz and Breitenbach were the main factors in the offense, the former caging three field goals while his running mate tallied the same number. G. Klein was the bulwark of the defense. Schulte, floor guard, played a very clever game. J. Klen, who took Mattingly's place, played a fast and close game showing he has the making of a clever forward.

For St. X. Fordkamp, Wardinger, and Marling were the stellar performers, Fordkamp starring with his long shots.

Line-up.

St. Joe, 24		St. Xavier, 17
Mattingly	F.	Roof
Schulte	G.	Marling
J. Klen		Fordkamp
Puetz	C.	Wardinger
Breitenbach	F.	Kroekel
Klen	G.	Ridenour
O'Keefe		Pax
Eisenhauer		

Thirds Win Again.

In a fast, rough game the 3rds defeated the Seniors Feb. 26, 18 -- 10. The score was tie at the end of the first period. Schaffer, Senior guard, was removed in the second half on personal fouls. Dowling and Arnold played well for the 3rds, while Lamour and Maloney starred for the Seniors.

Fourths Stage Come-Back.

The 4th Latins surprised their admirers and staged a come-back, defeating the 3rds 18 -- 13. The 3rds were broken up by the loss of some of their players and were outclassed.

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Fourths Again Victorious; 34 - 6.

In a slow game the 4th Latins swamped the Commercials by a score of 34 -- 6. At no time were the Commercials dangerous. The excellent shooting of the 4ths was the feature of the game.

Standing of the Leagues.

The 3rd Latins are out to the fore in the Senior League, having lost only one game this season. The Seniors are second and don't seem to be able to beat the 3rds. The other teams in the league, although, are easy for them. The 4ths got away to a bad start, but just now are playing a classy game. The Commercials are the cellar champs and seem doomed to stay there.

ECHOES FROM A STUDENT'S (BRAIN) CELL.

They're having a time at the capital,
The rules of the house are a jumble,
And the nation is standing aghast
At Lansing's deplorable tumble.

The sick-list held our Woodrow's name,
For many a feverish day,
And meanwhile in the Senate-hall
Strange hands were stuck in the fray.

But when at last from his bed of pain
He issued with temper irate,
Our President frowned on the state of affairs
And decided to alter the "state."

And now the world is dipping her tongue
In the black reproach of his name,
And poets are singing in prophecy
A curse on his future fame.

But we stand aloof from the motley crowd,
While we gossip with old Cicero,
And work at our trig, and write at our comps,
And smile on the sate imbroglio.

And we puff our fragrant clouds at the club,
And yell till we are hoarse at a game, —
Why the flaming, blood-thirsty Bolsheviks, —
They seem so miserably tame.

Of course, we are patriots clear to the core,
But we hate the contemptible show.
What we want is just TIME, to study just How.
We can make World Democracy go.

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LOCALS.

It was a wise old boy who said: "Be not too impatient with the young man Absolom. The mule knows his way to the oak tree." But don't you think that there is a great deal of sad experience in his wisdom?

Someone remarked one time that "little things are the devil." He might have added that the world is an obsequious imp. For we are running about half of our lives learning little things and spending the other half neglecting them. We say unnecessary things all day long and rehearse them in our sleep. If we would flow along with the common tide of human affairs, we must know that Jack Dempsey is starring in filmdom, though we may have our opinion on his dramatic equipment. We must know something about transatlantic flights, University basketball, and the Reds' chances of taking another pennant in fifty years. And all the time we are paying our homage to little things with their show of weight and vitality. If a man succumbs to an overwhelming calamity we think it only a very natural occurrence, but if he falls victim to a series of petty misadventures there is not room enough in universal history for our astonishment.

One authoress confesses that to write a love scene she must have the odor of decayed bananas in the room. A very fruitful setting!

We think the best argument ever written on Prohibition was given to the world in two lines by Holmes about fifty years ago:

" 'Tis but the fool that loves excess — hast thou a drunken soul

Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl."

What is a limberneck? J. Jones.

Limberneck in the country is a strange disease of fowls and chickens. In the city it is a disease of human persons caused by watching fowls — and chickens.

Do small cows give condensed milk? Babie B.

No, Mable, condensed milk is made by trying to get a quart of milk into a pint bottle.

Please tell me how hash is made. W. W.

Hash is not made; it accumulates.

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